

Tableau

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Summary: In which Astrid is confronted by an unusual but somehow unsurprising tableau

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>Things to note: I have no idea what came over me, but the images were clear.<p>

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><p>Astrid stared at the dragon sitting expectantly in front of her with his head tilted just slightly to the side. Toothless stared back, a quick dart of his tongue in and out the only movement as he waited. Inevitably, Astrid's gaze was dragged downward, where a second dragonâ€"black as only a night fury could be, but wasn't Toothless the only one around?â€"was lying flat on its stomach, its paws clamped firmly over its eyes. As extra deterrent, the long ears were also bent down over the dragon's paws, effectively shutting out the outside world. Or at least that's what Astrid supposed the creature was doing. Dragons were still mysterious creatures, and only Hiccup knew much about the quirks of the night furies.<p>

Speaking of Hiccup, Astrid tore her gaze away from the pair of dragons in front of her, and searched the empty clearing for sign of the other Viking. It was unusual, nearly unheard of for Hiccup to be away from Toothless. Yet there was neither skinny hide nor stuttering hair of her quirky friend-or-possibly-more. With nothing else to do, Astrid turned back to Toothless, who at least she recognized.

"â€|Well?" That came out a touch more annoyed than Astrid wanted, but she was sufficiently unnerved by the tableau to not care. In response to her query, Toothless' tail came up in a whip-crack movement to

slap the other dragon upside the head, though no other part of the attentive night fury moved. The attack cause the other dragon to rear back on its haunches with an affronted screech, which cut off abruptly as the new dragon's eyes fell on Astrid.

She resisted the urge to flinch back with ease; her own Deadly Nadder was excitable enough, along with all the other, larger dragons, so that a large body moving suddenly in her vicinity no longer startled her. What she had a hard time resisting was the urge to giggle. She settled for a grin, turning it as sarcastic as she could without succumbing to words, as she and the new dragon continued to stare at each other.

It had green eyes, not unlike Toothless', though they were currently wide with surprise. Itâ€œHe, Astrid decided. The gender of dragons wasn't fully understood yet, and most of the Vikings relied on gut instinct. She didn't feel the need to be any differentâ€œlooked somewhat nervous, actually. His mouth was caught in a half-smile half-grimace, his teeth retracted, and that combined with the way his paw was held comically in mid-retreat made her grin widen all the more.

That seemed to break the dragon's nerve, as it abruptly turned on its haunches, one trailing wing clipping Toothless upside the head, while he tripped over the other in his haste to scramble away. Toothless gave a little growl of complaint, rolling his eyes at Astrid dramatically. Then his eyes slit in annoyance as he bounded after the fleeing dragon. Astrid cupped one elbow and let her chin rest on the other fist as she waited, ignoring the cacophony of screeching and snarling from across the clearing.

Soon enough Toothless returned, a black tail clamped firmly in his jaws. The other dragon was digging his claws into the ground as he was dragged along, leaving behind a twin trail of claw marks in the gritty soil. Toothless dropped the tail in front of her, then resumed his attentive stance next to his whining companion.

Sighing, because even though she had no idea how, Astrid knew in her heart of hearts (and her gut was in full agreement) what had happened.

"How do you do this to yourself, Hiccup?"

Hiccup groaned and covered his face with his paws again.

* * *

><p>AN: Seriously, I am currently drowning in Homestuck fandom, with FF7 banging at the back of my brain and Detective Conan clawing at my legs. Why did a httyd plunnie bite? OH WELL ENJOY

End
file.